

HANNA BARBARA'S

55p

SCOOBY-DOO

AND HIS TV. FRIENDS

SUMMER
SPECIAL



STORIES!
PUZZLES!
GAMES!



HANNA-BARBERA'S

Scooby-Doo MYSTERY AT MALIBU

LEAVE IT TO FRED: WHEN IT WAS LEFT TO HIM
TO PICK THE VACATION SPOT, HE CHOSE...

...THE ONLY
BEACH IN
THE WORLD
WITH A
RESIDENT
GHOST!

I THOUGHT WE
WERE TAKING
TIME OFF FROM
INVESTIGATING
GHOSTS!

WE'RE
COMBINING
BUSINESS WITH
PLEASURE!



WARNING!
THIS BEACH
IS HAUNTED!

WRITTEN BY
MARK EVANIER
ILLUSTRATED BY
DAN SPIEGLE
LETTERED BY
MORDECAI
INGELFELD

WHY ARE YOU
WEARING THAT
SILLY GET-UP?

SELF-DEFENSE! IF THE GIRLS
GET ONE LOOK AT MY
MASTERFUL PHYSIQUE,
THEY'LL NEVER LET ME ALONE!

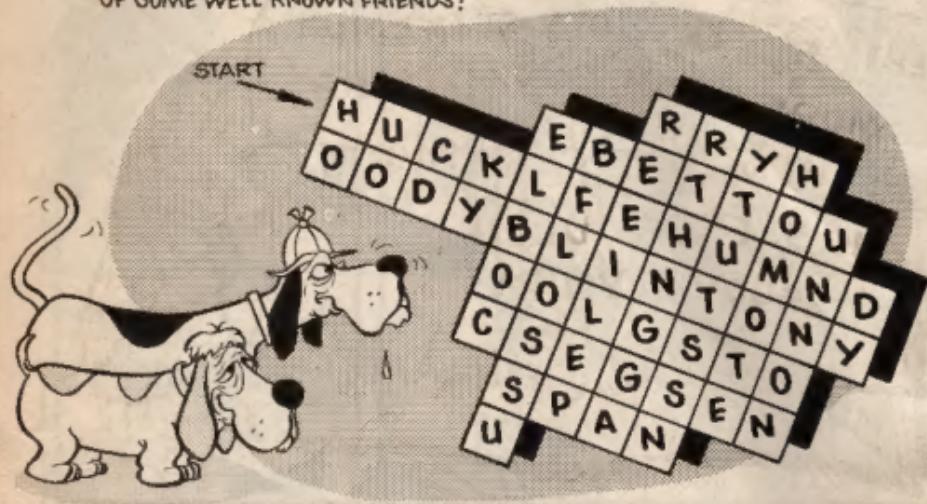
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CLUE CLUB CAPER!

Summer

MOVING IN ANY DIRECTION, DISCOVER THE NAMES OF SOME WELL KNOWN FRIENDS!



LEGGY FRIEND!

JOIN THE DOTS 1 TO 44 AND DISCOVER WHAT HAS MADE MAGILLA GORILLA AND MR. PEEBLES JUMP!



Fun

PHOOEY MESSAGE!

HELP HONG KONG PHOOEY
DECODE THE MESSAGE BELOW
TO FOIL THE CROOKS

EHT EW ELOTS SI NEDDIH
MORF GNOH GNOK YEOOHP
NI EHT & PMUTS
NI 9 ERCA DLEIF
SRUOY YLURT
ENOLAM



MAD
CASTLE!

THERE IS ONLY ONE ROUTE FROM THE
SPOOKY CASTLE! HELP SCOOBY AND
SHAGGY FIND IT!



ANSWERS:-

SECRET MESSAGE:- THE MONEY IN THE STOLE IS HIDDEN FROM HONG KONG PHOOEY IN THE OLD TREE STUMP IN NINE ACRE FIELD.
YOURS TRULY, FINGERS MALONE.

THINGS TO DO WITH Scooby Doo

HERE'S SOMETHIN' NICE AN' EASY TO DO! LET'S BUILD A ROCKET SHIP SO THE JETSONS CAN FLY TO THE MOON!

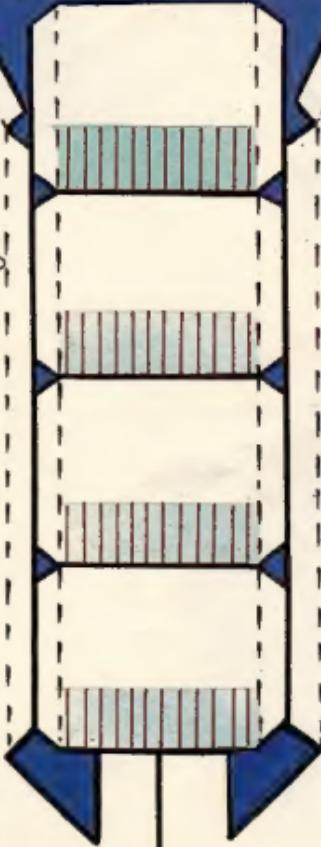


JOIN PART 1 TO PART 2 BY SLOTTING THE

ALL WE NEED IS SOME THIN CARD. A CORNFLAKES PACKET WILL DO. SCISSORS AND GLUE.

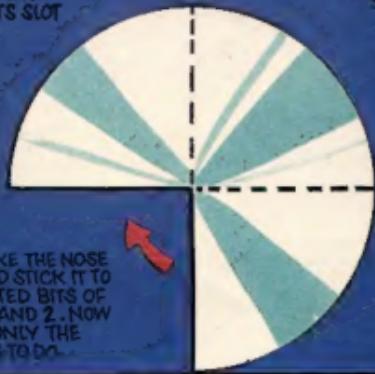


SNIP WITH YOUR SCISSORS AROUND THE THICK OUT-LINES AND THEN STICK THE BITS TO THE BOARD. NOW SNIP THE SLITS AND FOLD ALONG THE DOTTED LINES.

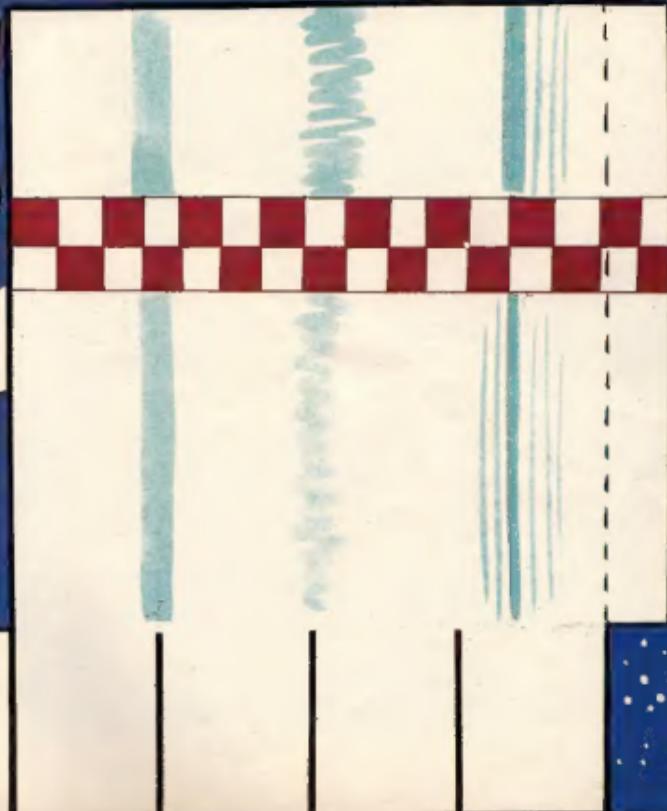


MAKE
FOUR
ENGINES
CYLINDERS
AND GLUE
THE TAIL
TO THE
END OF EACH
TAIL FIN.

TAKE THE NEXT BIT AND MAKE IT INTO A CYLINDER. MAKE SURE IT FITS OVER PARTS 1 AND 2 AND THEN GLUE IT. MAKE SURE THE SLITS SLOT OVER THE FINS.



NOW MAKE THE NOSE DONE AND STICK IT TO THE POINTED BITS OF PARTS 1 AND 2. NOW YOU'VE ONLY THE ENGINES TO DO.



GLUE THE
NEXT BIT
OVER THE
POINTED
BITS OF
PARTS 1
AND 2.
GLUE
TABS
TO THE
END OF
EACH



HANNA-BARBERA'S
The JETSONS

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WARRANTY.

YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT TROUBLES WITH YOUR CAR? GEORGE JETSON'S HAS BEEN GIVING HIM NOTHING BUT TROUBLE...

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET RID OF IT?

SOON, JANE,
SOON! YOU KNOW HOW I HATE IT WHEN YOU NAG ME...

...ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE RIGHT!

SPUT!

COUGH!

WHEEZE!

SPUT!

0:00

WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT KIND OF A DEAL WE CAN GET ON A NEW CAR--!

WRITTEN BY MARK EVANIER
ILLUSTRATED BY TONY STROBL
INKED BY CAROLYN LAY
COLORED BY CARL GAFFORD

SATURN
SEYMOUR'S
USED JETSON
CAR LOT

★fun spot★



TOP CAT AND THE BOYS ARE
RUNNING FROM OFFICER DIBBLE!
HELP THEM ESCAPE THROUGH
THE MAZE!

SCOOBY-DOO TWIN

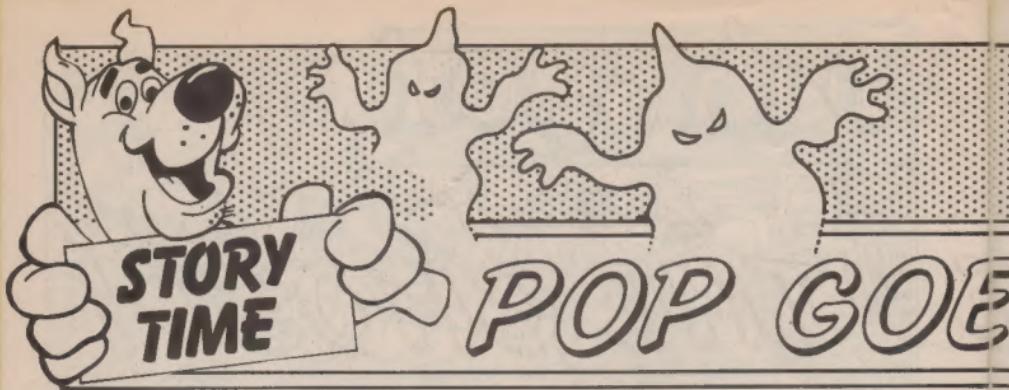


DRAW IN THE NECESSARY LINES
TO COMPLETE THE SECOND
SCOOBY DOO!

MEMORY TEST



LOOK AT THIS PAGE FOR ONE
MINUTE! THEN TURN THE
PAGE AND SEE HOW MANY
THINGS YOU CAN REMEMBER!



Like, I'm not easily scared, you know, man? But when I saw that ghost — and it looked just like me — I nearly died. The spitting image!"

"Spitting image?" repeated Shaggy. "You mean it was an uncouth ghoul?"

"No, no!" exclaimed someone else. "He means that all four ghosts looked exactly like all of us. It's almost like looking in a mirror — except that they're the right way round of course."

Ghost-busting can be a harrowing, spine-tingling experience. It can take you into some weird and wonderful situations. The five intrepid and heroic members of Mystery Incorporated now found themselves face to face with four members of a top pop music group who lived and rehearsed in the east wing of this shadowy, dark, cobweb-strewn, rambling, ancient, ramshackle, huge old mansion, miles away from anywhere. Suits of armour (specially imported from Japan) lined the corridors and dark old oil portraits (purchased at a job lot in an auction) covered the walls. Do you get the picture? The place looked straight out of a horror movie set.

"It's part of our image, man," quipped the lead singer, peering out through his dark spectacles. "You know, like we're called *Ghostly Greg and the Heavy Horrors*. This is a copy of our third single — it's top of the charts now — called *Music to Haunt By!*" He put it on. Shaggy started snapping his fingers. "Gee, what a ghoul little number!"

"I've heard of a haunting melody, but this is ridiculous!" joked Velma.

"Melody?" complained Fred. "Sounds to me more like a pair of bagpipes having an argument with a schizophrenic guitar! What a racket!" Daphne was getting impatient; "We didn't come here to listen to the screaming jeebies. Why don't you tell us more about your ghost problem. When do these replicas of yourselves appear?"

"Why, funny you should mention that. Usually, whenever we play our music," answered the drummer.

Just then, a huge storm, which had gradually been building up, broke. Winds raged, tore at the very roots of trees. It howled and strained like a lost soul, while rain battered down on the slate roof and windows. Thunder rolled and lightning flashed spasmodically across the wind-torn, blackened sky, as the lights in the room went out!

Then, suddenly, right in front of them, four frightening apparitions flickered into life. They appeared to glow with a garish green light and move like crabs across the room.

It was true: They did look just like the four members of the Heavy Horrors.

"Roo, Roo, Arooby Dool" cried Scooby.

In the next room, Velma stammered to Shaggy; "Wh-what are you doing cowering cowardly under the sofa?"

"Need you ask, Velma, seeing as you yourself are cringing under the table?!"

Back in the first room, the four members of the Heavy Horrors were having what is known as a 'freak out' session.

"Help! That's me over there! Surely only dead people have ghosts! I could be dead and not





ES THE GHOST!



realise it! Or p'raps it's a premonition — I'm about to die! Waaagh! I'm getting out of here!"

"Too much, man! Horrors? You can keep 'em! This is all getting too real for my liking! Wait for me!"

"Yeah, let's sell up this place — and move somewhere safe like Neasden! Never felt such off-beat vibes!"

The frightened foursome fell over themselves in their haste to get out of the room, out of the house, into their Rolls Royce car and take the escape route back to civilisation!

"So much for the courage of the modern rock hero," sighed Daphne. "And what's more, there go our witnesses. Wait, what's the matter Scooby?"

Scooby was covering his ears painfully with his paws. "I don't know whether to cover my ears to block out the sound or my eyes, to block out the sight!" he moaned.

"What sound?" asked Fred, "I don't hear anything except the storm."

"That high-pitched whine! I'm a dog remember? Dogs can hear high-frequency noises that — ahem — inferior humans can't!"

The ghosts were beginning to fade away now.

"The noise is fading too," announced Scooby.

"Maybe it's got something to do with the ghosts," suggested Fred. "Quick, Scooby, see if you can take us to where it's coming from. Don't worry, we'll follow you. Hurry, before it goes."

"I don't know if I want to find out where it's coming from!" growled Scooby, but he bounded away out of the room anyway, followed closely by

Daphne and Fred.

The lights were flickering on now, but it was still gloomy in the house. The heroic hound led them down shadowy corridors, through long-dissused rooms thick with dust, where old oak furniture seemed to tower over everything, the ever-present suits of armour seemed to be moving just out of the corner of their vision and the eyes of the old portraits on the walls seemed to follow them wherever they went.

"I wonder what happened to the others?" thought Daphne.

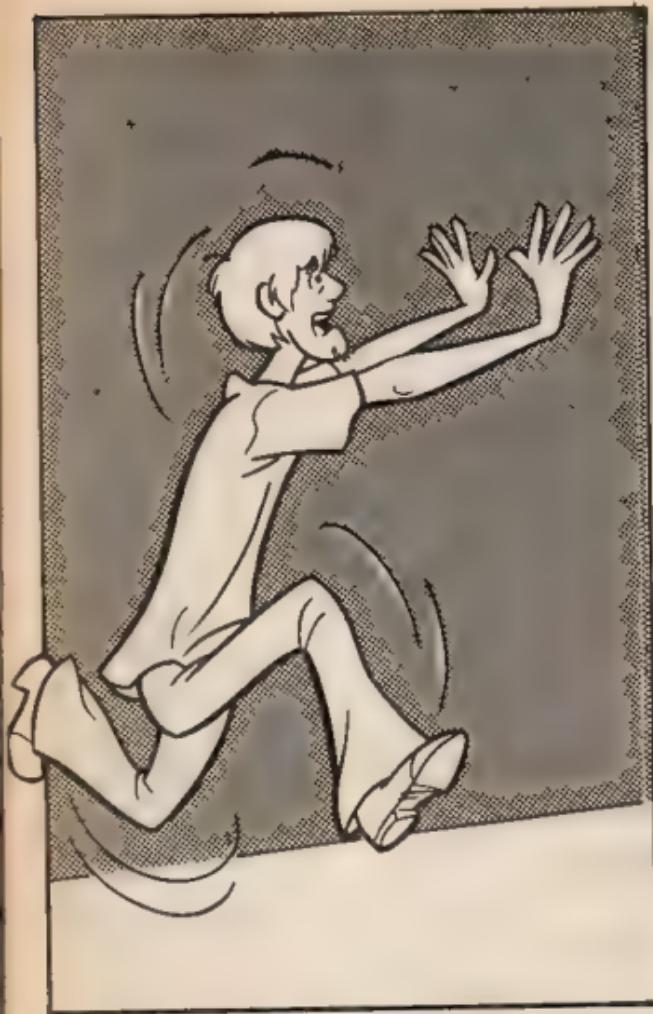
Velma and Shaggy were trembling underneath the furniture where they'd taken refuge. Cautionily, Shaggy peered out into the gloomy room. Everything was still, absolutely silent. It was decidedly eerie. "I don't like it," he whispered. "It's too quiet. Almost as if something was about to happen!"

Just then, there was a movement in a corner. Shaggy felt his hair stand on end. He turned to look, and what he saw made even the hairs on his hairs stand on end.

The wall itself seemed to shimmer, and through it stepped a white, glowing apparition! It was dressed in a shabby pullover, had a mop of orange hair that fell over its greenish eyes and — a few wisps of hair that protruded from its chin like the beard of a billy-goat . . . It opened its mouth.

"Swee-eets!" it crooned, hollowly. "Choc-olates! Crrisps!" "Shaggy!" cried Velma "It's — it's —"

"I know!" he yelped. "It's me! I think it's time we made like a horse — and hoofed it. Come on!" And they shot out of the room like lightning.



On the other side of the house, in the west wing, the others had followed the sound to a door.

"Are you sure this is it?" asked Fred.

"Ras! Ras!" replied Scooby.

A light shone from underneath the door.

"After you," said Daphne, nervously.

Boldly, Fred went up to the door and turned the handle.

It opened easily, and there inside was a small man wearing a white lab coat and a pair of spectacles, surrounded by a

glistening array of machines, dials, wires and knobs.

"Ah, I see you've found me!" he smiled, stepping forward. "Never mind, I'm sure the members of Mystery Incorporated will be interested in my little experiment. Allow me to introduce myself -- I am Doctor Sardonicus."

"Charmed, I'm sure," said Daphne taking his hand, "but do you mind telling us what you're up to exactly."

"To be sure, to be sure. You see I am a psychologist, especially interested in -- sh

paranormal phenomena. You know, the uncharted power of the mind and the unknown. I am investigating exactly what part of a person it is that actually produces a ghost. If ghosts exist at all. My theory is that if people actually *see* a ghost themselves, then they are more likely to produce a ghost, an effect triggered off by the experience. So I set up a little experiment, using projectors and special effects, on the subjects of this house."

"But why choose those people in particular?" asked Fred. The Doctor's expression became darker. "You see I also hate pop stars. All that fame and money they get. And they can't even play their instruments properly! What a row they make! They think they're God's gift to young people. Well, I showed them, didn't I? I scared them off -- ha ha ha!" and he laughed maniacally.

"Yes, you certainly did that," said Fred.

"Certainly! And me too!" cried Scooby.

The Doctor's face fell. "But as for my experiment . . . that didn't do so well, I think."

"Well, never mind," consoled Daphne. "Perhaps there's no such thing as ghosts."

"Yes," he replied miserably. "You may be right."

Just then, who should rush in but Shaggy, followed closely by Velma.

"What's the matter with you?" cried Daphne.

"He just saw the most horrific thing imaginable!" answered Velma, breathlessly. "A ghost -- of himself!"

"Rood rieff!" exclaimed Scooby. "Unbeatable!"

"Just a minute," put in the Doctor. "I hate to tell you this, but -- but -- I didn't make a ghost of this boy."

There was a long pause while everyone thought about this. "Well, if you didn't make it," gulped Daphne. " -- who did?"

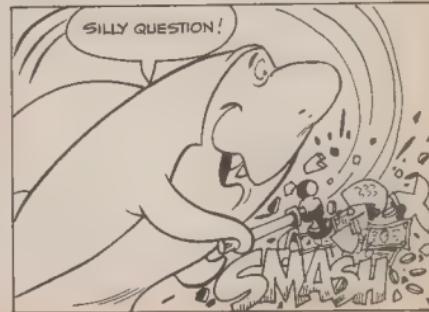
And they all sat down in silence. For a very long time indeed.

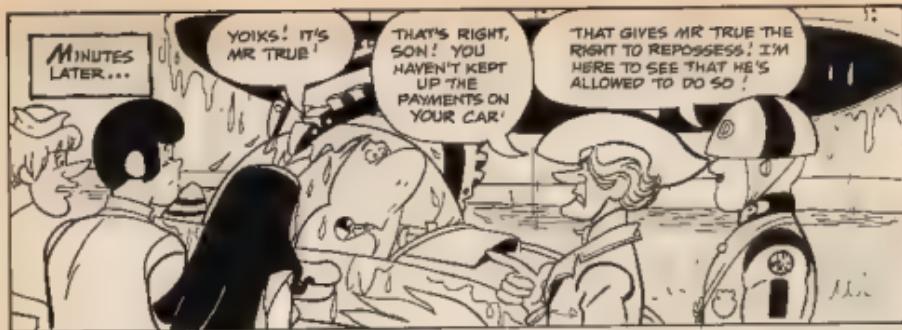
THE END

HANNA-BARBERA'S

JABBERJAW

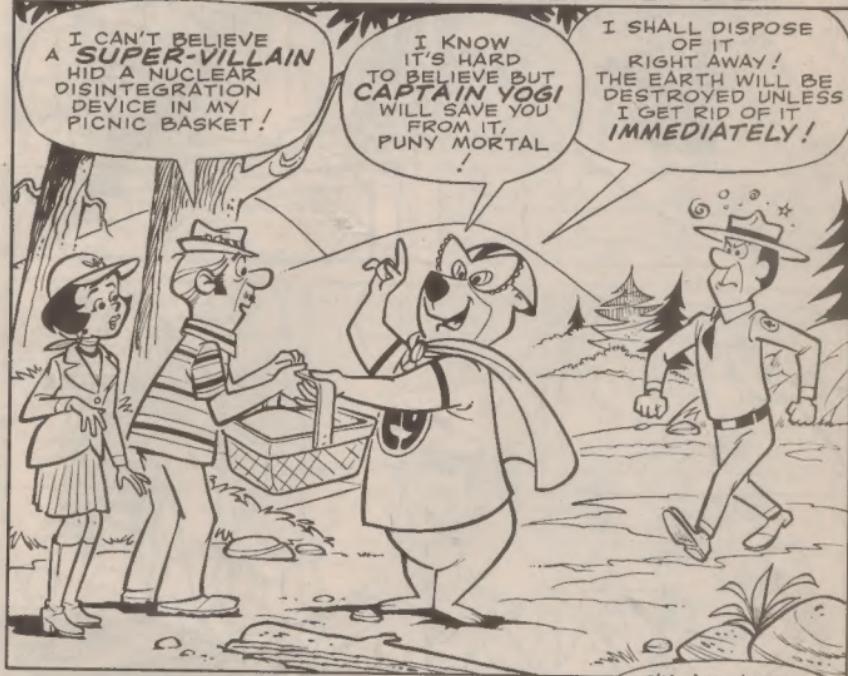
Deep-Sea Speed Demon





YOGI BEAR

THE SINISTER SCHEME



★fun spot

hat mix-up

A STRONG WIND IS BLOWING! SORT OUT EACH OF OUR HEROES' HATS!



Wallygator

THE



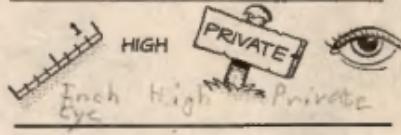
The Flintstones

ANSWERS

2 THE FLINTSTONES, 3. TOP CAT, 4. INCH HEY PRIVATE EYE
HAT MIX-UP - A2, B1, C3, D4 FAMOUS NAMES 1 WALLY GATOR,



Top Cat +T



HIGH

PRIVATE



which yogi silhouette is different?

1



2



4



3



5



6



Answer: 6.

fun spot

GIANT
MAZE



YOGI AND BOO BOO MUST
NOT GET CAUGHT BY THE
RANGER OR GO TO JAIL --
BUT THEY WANT THE FOOD
HAMPSERS! HELP THEM
SAFELY THROUGH THE MAZE!

